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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Sketch Book. By Geoffrey Crayon. Second Vol. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 419.

The success which attended the republication in England of the first and original volume under this title, has induced the author thus early to reappear before the world; and we are not the less pleased with this, on account of feeling some self-satisfaction at having taken the lead in the periodical and critical press, to welcome his literary labours, and to show that American talent was as liberally estimated and as freely praised amongst us as British; and that the share of national bigotry and prejudice was not so well founded as it was frequently made, by the majority of Mr. Irving's fellow citizens. The present volume, which is not inferior to its precursor, and is consequently a most agreeable performance, contains fifteen papers, five of them on the festivities of Christmas. Among others, we have been much pleased with Little Britain, as a picture of manners; and with the Stage Coach, as a natural sketch. The following, however, is of a length more practicable for transplantation into our page without being cut down, and we select it as a fair example of the work, and an entertaining as well as clever and sagacious view of John Bull, by a native of another country.]

JOHN BULL.

There is no species of humour in which the English more excel, than that which consists in caricaturing and giving ludicrous appellations, or nick-names. In this way they have whimsically designated, not merely individuals, but nations; and in their fondness for pushing a joke, they have not spared even themselves. One would think, that in personifying itself, a nation would be apt to picture something grand, heroic, and imposing; but it is characteristic of the peculiar humour of the English, and of their love for what is blunt, comic, and familiar, that they have embodied their national oddities in the figure of a sturdy, corpulent old fellow, with a three-cornered hat, red waistcoat, leather breeches, and stout oaken cudgel. Thus they have taken a singular delight in exhibiting their most private foibles in a laughable point of view; and have been so successful in their delineations, that there is scarcely a being in actual existence more absolutely present to the public mind, than that eccentric personage, John Bull.

Perhaps the continual contemplation of the character thus drawn of them, has contributed to fix it upon the nation: and thus to give reality to what at first may have been painted in a great measure from the imagination. Men are apt to acquire peculiarities that are continually ascribed to them. The common orders of English seem

wonderfully captivated with the *beau ideal* which they have formed of John Bull, and endeavour to act up to the broad caricature that is perpetually before their eyes. Unluckily they sometimes make their boasted Bull-ism an apology for their prejudice or grossness; and this I have especially noticed among those truly home-bred and genuine sons of the soil, who have never migrated beyond the sound of Bow bells. If one of these should be a little uncouth in speech, and apt to utter impudent truths, he confesses that he is a real John Bull, and always speaks his mind. If he now and then flies into an unreasonable burst of passion about trifles, he observes, that John Bull is a choleric old blade, but then his passion is over in a moment, and he bears no malice. If he betrays a coarseness of taste, and an insensibility to foreign refinements, he thanks heaven for his ignorance—he is a plain John Bull, and has no relish for frippery and nicknacks. His very proneness to be galled by strangers, and to pay extravagantly for absurdities, is excused under the plea of munificence—for John is always more generous than wise. Thus, under the name of John Bull, he will contrive to argue every fault into a merit, and will frankly convict himself of being the honestest fellow in existence.

However little, therefore, the character may have suited in the first instance, it has gradually adapted itself to the nation, or rather, they have adapted themselves to each other; and a stranger who wishes to study English peculiarities, may gather much valuable information from the innumerable portraits of John Bull, as exhibited in the windows of the caricature shops. Still, however, he is one of those fertile humourists, that are continually throwing out new traits, and presenting different aspects from different points of view; and, often as he has been described, I cannot resist the temptation to give a slight sketch of him, such as he has met my eye.

John Bull, to all appearance, is a plain downright, matter-of-fact fellow, with much less of poetry about him than rich prose. There is little of romance in his nature, but a vast deal of strong natural feeling. He excels in humour, more than in wit; is jolly, rather than gay; melancholy, rather than morose; can easily be moved to a sudden tear, or surprised into a broad laugh; but he loathes sentiment, and has no turn for light pleasantry. He is a boon companion, if you allow him to have his humour, and to talk about himself; and he will stand by a friend in a quarrel, with life and purse, however soundly he may be cudgelled.

In this last respect, to tell the truth, he has a propensity to be somewhat too ready.

He is a busy-minded personage, who thinks not merely for himself and family, but for all the country round, and is most generously disposed to be every body's champion. He is continually volunteering his services to settle his neighbours' affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without asking his advice; though he seldom engages in any friendly office of the kind without finishing by getting into a squabble with all parties, and then railing bitterly at their ingratitude. He unluckily took lessons in his youth in the noble science of defence, and having accomplished himself in the use of his limbs and his weapons, and become a perfect master at boxing and cudgel play, he has had a troublesome life of it ever since. He cannot bear of a quarrel between the most distant of his neighbours, but he begins, incontinently to fumble with the head of his cudgel, and consider whether his interest or honour does not require that he should meddle in the broils. Indeed, he has extended his relations of pride and policy so completely over the whole country, that no event can take place, without infringing some of his finely-spun rights and dignities. Couched in his little domain, with these ramifications stretching forth in every direction, he is like some choleric, bottle-bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz, nor a breeze blow, without stinging his repose, and causing him to sally forth wrathfully from his den.

Though really a good-hearted, good tempered fellow at bottom, yet he is singularly fond of being in the midst of contention. It is one of his peculiarities, however, that he only relishes the beginning of an affray: he always goes into a fight with alacrity, but comes out of it grumbling even when victorious; and though no one fights with more obstinacy to carry a contested point, yet, when the battle is over, and he comes to the reconciliation, he is so much taken up with the mere shaking of hands, that he is apt to let his antagonist pocket all they have been quarrelling about. It is not, therefore, fighting that he ought so much to be on his guard against, as making friends. It is difficult to cudgel him out of a farthing; but put him in a good humour, and you may bargain him out of all the money in his pocket. He is like one of his own ships, which will weather the roughest storm unjured, but roll its mast overboard in the succeeding calm.

He is a little fond of playing the magnifieo abroad; of pulling out a long purse; flinging his money bravely about at boxing matches, horse races, and cock fights, and carrying a high head among "gentlemen of the fancy;"

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but immediately after one of these fits of extravagance, he will be taken with violent qualms of economy; stop short at the most trivial expenditure; talk desperately of being ruined, and brought upon the parish; and in such moods, will not pay the smallest tradesman's bill, without violent altercation. He is, indeed, the most punctual and discontented paymaster in the world; drawing his coin out of his breeches' pocket with infinite reluctance; paying to the uttermost farthing; but accompanying every guinea with a growl.

With all his talk of economy, however, he is a bountiful provider, and a hospitable housekeeper. His economy is of a whimsical kind, its chief object being to devise how he may afford to be extravagant; for he will begrudge himself a beef-stake and pint of port one day, that he may roast an ox whole, broach a hogshead of ale, and treat all his neighbours, on the next.

His domestic establishment is enormously expensive; not so much from any great outward parade, as from the great consumption of solid beef and pudding; the vast number of followers he feeds and clothes; and his singular disposition to pay hugely for small services. He is a most kind and indulgent master, and, provided his servants humour his peculiarities, flatters his vanity a little now and then, and do not peculate grossly on him before his face, they may manage him to perfection. Every thing that lives on him seems to thrive and grow fat. His house servants are well paid, and pampered, and have little to do. His horses are sleek and lazy, and prance slowly before his state carriage; and his house dogs sleep quietly about the door, and will hardly bark at a house-breaker.

His family mansion is an old castellated manor house, grey with age, and of a most venerable, though weather-beaten appearance. It has been built upon no regular plan, but is a vast accumulation of parts, erected in various tastes and ages. The centre bears evident traces of Saxon architecture, and is as solid as ponderous stone and old English oak can make it. Like all the relics of that style, it is full of obscure passages, intricate mazes, and dusky chambers; and though these have been partially lighted up in modern days, yet there are many places where you must still grope in the dark. Additions have been made to the original edifice from time to time, and great alterations have taken place; towers and battlements have been erected during wars and tumults; wings built in times of peace; and out-houses, lodges, and offices, run up according to the whim or convenience of different generations; until it has become one of the most spacious rambling tenements imaginable. An entire wing is taken up with the family chapel; a reverend pile that must once have been exceedingly sumptuous, and, indeed, in spite of having been altered and simplified at various periods, has still a look of solemn religious pomp. Its walls within are storied with the monuments of John's ancestors; and it is snugly fitted up with soft cushions and well-lined chairs, where such of his family as are inclined to church services, may doze com-

fortably in the discharge of their duties.

To keep up this chapel has cost John much money; but he is staunch in his religion, and piqued in his zeal, from the circumstance that many dissenting chapels have been erected in his vicinity, and several of his neighbours, with whom he has had quarrels, are strong papists.

To do the duties of the chapel, he maintains, at a large expense, a pious and portly family chaplain. He is a most learned and decorous personage, and a truly well-bred Christian, who always backs the old gentleman in his opinions, winks discreetly at his little peccadilloes, rebukes the children when refractory, and is of great use in exhorting the tenants to read their bibles, say their prayers, and, above all, to pay their rents punctually, and without grumbling.

The family apartments are in a very antiquated taste, somewhat heavy, and often inconvenient, but full of the solemn magnificence of former times; fitted up with rich, though faded tapestry, unwieldy furniture, and loads of mussy gorgeous old plate. The vast fire places, ample kitchens, extensive cellars, and sumptuous banqueting halls,—all speak of the roaring hospitality of days of yore, of which the modern festivity at the manor house is but a shadow. There are, however, complete suites of rooms apparently deserted and time worn; and towers and turrets that are tottering to decay; so that in high winds there is danger of their tumbling about the ears of the household.

John has frequently been advised to have the old edifice thoroughly overhauled, and to have some of the useless parts pulled down, and the others strengthened with their materials; but the old gentleman always grows testy on this subject. He swears the house is an excellent house—that it is tight and weather proof, and not to be shaken by tempests—that it has stood for several hundred years, and, therefore, is not likely to tumble down now—that as to its being inconvenient, his family is accustomed to the inconveniences, and would not be comfortable without them—that as to its unwieldy size and irregular construction, these result from its being the growth of centuries, and being improved by the wisdom of every generation—that an old family, like his, requires a large house to dwell in; new, upstart families may live in modern cottages and snug boxes, but an old English family should inhabit an old English manor-house. If you point out any part of the building as superfluous, he insists that it is material to the strength or decoration of the rest, and the harmony of the whole; and swears that the parts are so built into each other, that, if you pull down one, you run the risk of having the whole about your ears.

The secret of the matter is, that John has a great disposition to protect and patronize. He thinks it indispensable to the dignity of an ancient and honourable family, to be bounteous in its appointments, and to be eaten up by dependants; and so, partly from pride, and partly from kind-heartedness, he makes it a rule always to give shelter and maintenance to his superannuated servants.

The consequence is, that, like many other venerable family establishments, his manor is encumbered by old retainers whom he cannot turn off, and old style which he cannot lay down. His mansion is like a great hospital of invalids, and, with all its magnitude, is not a whit too large for its inhabitants. Not a nook or corner but is of use in housing some useless personage. Groups of veteran beef eaters, gouty pensioners, and retired heroes of the buttery and the larder, are seen lolling about its walls, crawling over its lawns, dozing under its trees, or sunning themselves upon the benches at its doors. Every office and out-house is garrisoned by these supernumeraries and their families; for they are amazingly prolific, and when they die off, are sure to leave John a legacy of hungry mouths to be provided for. A mattock cannot be struck against the most mouldering, tumble-down tower, but out pops, from some cranny or loop hole, the grey pate of some superannuated hanger-on, who has lived at John's expense all his life, and makes the most grievous outcry at their pulling down the roof from over the head of a worn out servant of the family. This is an appeal that John's honest heart never can withstand; so that a man, who has faithfully eaten his beef and pudding all his life, is sure to be rewarded with a pipe and tankard in his old days.

A great part of his park, also, is turned into paddocks, where his broken-down chargers are turned loose, to graze undisturbed for the remainder of their existence—a worthy example of grateful recollection, which, if some of his neighbours were to imitate, would not be to their discredit. Indeed, it is one of his great pleasures to point out these old steeds to his visitors, to dwell on their good qualities, extol their past services, and boast, with some little vain-glory, of the perilous adventures and hardy exploits, through which they have carried him.

He is given, however, to indulge his veneration for family usages, and family incumbrances, to a whimsical extent. His manor is infested by gangs of gypsies; yet he will not suffer them to be driven off, because they have infested the place time out of mind, and been regular poachers upon every generation of the family. He will scarcely permit a dry branch to be lopped from the great trees that surround the house, lest it should molest the rooks, that have bred there for centuries. Owls have taken possession of the dove-cote; but they are hereditary owls, and must not be disturbed. Swallows have nearly choked up every chimney with their nests; martins build in every frieze and cornice; crows flutter about the towers, and perch on every weather cock; and old gray-headed rats may be seen in every quarter of the house, running in and out of their holes undauntedly, in broad daylight. In short, John has such a reverence for every thing that has been long in the family, that he will not hear even of abuses being reformed, because they are good old family abuses.

All these whims and habits have concurred woefully to drain the old gentleman's purse;

and as he prides himself on punctuality in money matters, and wishes to maintain his credit in the neighbourhood, they have caused him great perplexity in meeting his engagements. This too has been increased by the altercations and heart-burnings which are continually taking place in his family. His children have been brought up to different callings, and are of different ways of thinking; and as they have always been allowed to speak their minds freely, they do not fail to exercise the privilege most clamorously in the present posture of his affairs. Some stand up for the honour of the race, and are clear that the old establishment should be kept up in all its state, whatever may be the cost; others, who are more prudent and considerate, entreat the old gentleman to retrench his expenses, and to put his whole system of housekeeping on a more moderate footing. He has, indeed, at times seemed inclined to listen to their opinions, but their wholesome advice has been completely defeated by the obtrusive conduct of one of his sons. This is a noisy rattled fellow, of rather low habits, who neglects his business to frequent ale houses—is the orator of village clubs, and a complete oracle among the poorest of his father's tenants. No sooner does he hear any of his brothers mention reform or retrenchment, than up he jumps, takes the words out of their mouths, and roars out for an overturn. When his tongue is once going, nothing can stop it. He rants about the room; hectors the old man about his spendthrift practices; ridicules his tastes and pursuits; insists that he shall turn the old servants out of doors; give the broken down horses to the hounds; send the fat chaplain packing, and take a field-preacher in his place—nay, that the whole family mansion shall be levelled with the ground, and a plain one of brick and mortar built in its place. He rails at every social entertainment and family festivity, and skulks away growling to the ale-house whenever an equipage drives up to the door. Though constantly complaining of the emptiness of his purse, yet he scruples not to spend all his pocket-money in these tavern convocations, and even runs up scores for the liquor over which he preaches about his father's extravagance.

It may readily be imagined how little such thwarting agrees with the old cavalier's fiery temperament. He has become so irritable, from repeated crossings, that the mere mention of retrenchment or reform is a signal for a brawl between him and the tavern oracle. As the latter is too sturdy and refractory for paternal discipline, having grown out of all fear of the cudgel, they have frequent scenes of wordy warfare, which at times run so high, that John is fain to call in the aid of his son Tom, an officer who has served abroad, but is at present living at home, on half pay. This last is sure to stand by the old gentleman, right or wrong; likes nothing so much as a racketing roistering life; and is ready, at a wink or nod, to cut-sabre, and flourish it over the orator's head, if he dares to array himself against paternal authority.

These family dissensions, as usual, have

got abroad, and are rare food for scandal in John's neighbourhood. People begin to look wise, and shake their heads, whenever his affairs are mentioned. They all "hope that matters are not so bad with him as represented; but when a man's own children begin to rail at his extravagance, things must be badly managed. They understand he is mortgaged over head and ears, and is continually dabbling with money lenders. He is certainly an open-handed old gentleman, but they fear he has lived too fast; indeed, they never knew any good come of this fondness for hunting, racing, revelling, and prize-fighting. In short, Mr. Bull's estate is a very fine one, and has been in the family a long while; but for all that, they have known many finer estates come to the hammer."

What is worst of all, is the effect which these pecuniary embarrassments and domestic feuds have had on the poor man himself. Instead of that jolly round corporation, and snug rosy face, which he used to present, he has of late become as shrivelled and shrunk as a frost-bitten apple. His scarlet gold-laced waistcoat, which bellied out so bravely in those prosperous days when he sailed before the wind, now hangs loosely about him like a mainsail in a calm. His leather breeches are all in folds and wrinkles; and apparently have much ado to hold up the boots that yawn on both sides of his once sturdy legs.

Instead of strutting about, as formerly, with his three-cornered hat on one side, flourishing his cudgel, and bringing it down every moment with a hearty thump upon the ground; looking every one sturdily in the face, and trolling out a stave of a catch or a drinking song; he now goes about whistling thoughtfully to himself, with his head drooping down, his cudgel tucked under his arm, and his hands thrust to the bottom of his breeches pockets, which are evidently empty.

Such is the plight of honest John Bull at present; yet for all this the old fellow's spirit is as tall and as gallant as ever. If you drop the least expression of sympathy or concern he takes fire in an instant; swears that he is the richest and stoutest fellow in the country; talks of laying out large sums to adorn his house or to buy another estate; and, with a valiant swagger and grasping of his cudgel, longs exceedingly to have another bout at quarter-staff.

Though there may be something rather whimsical in all this, yet I confess I cannot look upon John's situation, without strong feelings of interest. With all his odd humours and obstinate prejudices, he is a sterner hearted old blade. He may not be so wonderfully fine a fellow as he thinks himself, but he is at least twice as good as his neighbours represent him. His virtues are all his own; all plain, homebred and unaffected. His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities. His extravagance savours of his generosity; his quarrelsome-ness of his courage; his credulity of his open faith; his vanity of his pride; and his bluntness of his sincerity. They are all the redundancies of a rich and liberal character.

He is like his own oak; rough without, but sound and solid within; whose bark abounds with excrescences in proportion to the growth and grandeur of the timber; and whose branches make a fearful groaning and murmuring in the least storm, from their very magnitude and luxuriance. There is something, too, in the appearance of his old family mansion that is extremely poetical and picturesque; and, as long as it can be rendered comfortably habitable, I should almost tremble to see it meddled with during the present conflict of taste and opinions. Some of his advisers are no doubt good architects that might be of service; but many I fear are mere levellers, who when they had once got to work with their mattocks on the venerable edifice, would never stop until they had brought it to the ground, and perhaps buried themselves among the ruins. All that I wish is, that John's present troubles may teach him more prudence in future. That he may cease to distress his mind about other people's affairs; that he may give up the fruitless attempt to promote the good of his neighbours, and the peace and happiness of the world, by dint of the cudgel; that he may remain quietly at home; gradually get his house into repair; cultivate his rich estate according to his fancy; husband his income—if he thinks proper; bring his unruly children into order—if he can; renew the jovial scenes of ancient prosperity; and long enjoy, on his paternal lands, a green, an honourable, and a merry old age.

Amyntas, a Tale of the Woods; from the Italian of Torquato Tasso. By Leigh Hunt. London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 146.

The Aminta of Tasso, in which it has been asserted by the most skilful and learned Italians, criticism could find no fault, is comparatively little known in this country; and, except as a model of language, it does not appear to us that its genius is calculated for our national taste. The gallantry and elegance of the Court of Ferrara, at the period of its production, have no corresponding feelings in British bosoms; and the effeminacy of the Italian character, excites ridicule, rather than sympathy, in the rougher natures of England. But even in Italy, (as with us its copy, the *Faithful Shepherd*), the Pastor Fido of Guarini is more read than the Aminta; and though we must confess to the truth of Tasso's remark, when asked by the author's friends, (after witnessing its performance,) what he thought of it? "if he had not seen my Aminta, he could not have done it!" it is, we think, demonstrable, that the novelty of this species of pastoral composition, and the extraordinary beauty of the style, were the chief recommendations of the elder Poet.

As neither of these qualities could be transferred to a translation, we do not consider Mr. Hunt's choice of subject to be a happy one. Indeed, he has not wasted much labour upon it: his version is a school-boy's task, and little superior to those renderings

of the Italian text, which we are accustomed to see in the books of operas, sold for the edification of the Bull family, when they visit the gallery or pit at the King's Theatre. Nor could the harmony, the felicitous expression, the niceties of the original, be given in English—for our language has no equivalents for what is most admirable in these respects. Mr. Hunt has, however, translated very faithfully; and, as a lesson book to learners of the Italian, his publication may be useful, though it has no chance of affording pleasure to the lovers of poetry.

Before extracting a few specimens, we may notice, that there is a dedication to Mr. Keats, in which the similarity between that bard and Tasso is insinuated; and a flippant preface, into which something of the Examiner newspaper hatred of courts is wrought with the customary modesty of our political-poetical-Thersites*. In this essay we hear of things not very intelligible, such as "an additional grace of introduction"—an "unconspired grace"—"to dullen"—"the beardness of nature,"—and the "strong aboriginal taste of nature," &c.; but neither these, nor some indifferent wood-cuts, need detain us from Amyntas.

The fine prologue by *AMORE in Abito Pastorale*, is very fairly translated, and the first scene of the first act, so celebrated in the original, is still more closely and literally rendered.

But the following, from the 2d scene, is in our opinion, the best portion of Mr. Hunt's version—

Amynta. While yet a boy, scarce tall enough to gather
The lowest hanging fruit, I became intimate
With the most lovely and beloved girl,
That ever gave to the winds her locks of gold.

* We seldom see this newspaper, but were exceedingly amused with a recent Number which accidentally fell into our hands, and in which, with a most tyrannical profusion of abuse, the Editor called Wellington, Castlereagh, Brougham, and Denman, "persons guilty of diplomatic cant and hypocrisy!" Wilberforce "a pious member—canting and convenient tool of the stronger party!" A. Mr. Malet Charter, of Taunton, and A. Chichester, Esq. M. P. (who, it seems, had the hardihood to preside at a Pitt Club anniversary), "insolent, vain, prejudiced, shallow, and pretending persons!" Dickinson and Lethbridge, the county members, "Imbeciles!" Mr. Brougham, "guilty of gross insincerity—the effect of a legal and party education!" Mr. Canning, "superficial, gew-gaw of oratory, Jobber, &c.!" Sheriff Rothwell, "a tortoise, hostile to the reform of extravagance and abuses in the city!" The house of Commons, "insidious, despotic, and unjust!" &c. &c. and all this profuse impartiality of reviling, in one little sheet! surely this charitable writer must do outrage to his kinder nature, so Peter-Pastoral and Cosmopolitan, when he utters such measureless abuse of others less pure and perfect than himself. It is the same tender-hearted person, who elsewhere wished that Bonaparte were released, and the battle of Waterloo fought over again, just to prove who was the greatest general—slaughter a hundred thousand human beings, to satisfy the doubts of Mr. Examiner, as to the question of superiority between two commanders!

Thou know'st the daughter of Cydippe and Montano, that has such a store of herds, Sylvia, the forest's honour, the soul's fire? Of her I speak. Alas! I lived one time, So fastened to her side, that never turtle Was closer to his mate, nor ever will be. Our homes were close together, closer still Our hearts; our age conformable, our thoughts Still more conformed. With her I tended nets For birds and fish; with her followed the stag, And the fleet hind; our joy and our success Were common: but in making prey of animals I fell, I know not how, myself a prey. There grew by little and little in my heart, I know not from what root, But just as the grass grows that sows itself, An unknown something, which continually Made me feel anxious to be with her; and then I drank strange sweetness from her eyes, which left

A taste, I know not how, of bitterness. Often I sighed, nor knew the reason why; And thus before I knew what loving was, Was I a lover. Well though I knew At last; and I will tell thee how; pray mark me.

Thyrsus. I mark thee well.
Amynta. One day, Sylvia and Phillis Were sitting underneath a shady beech, I with them: when little ingenious bee, Gathering his honey in those flowery fields, Lit on the cheeks of Phillis, cheeks as red As the red rose; and bit, and bit again With so much eagerness, that it appeared The likeness did beguile him. Phillis, at this, Impatient of the smart, sent up a cry; "Hush! Hush!" said my sweet Sylvia, "do not grieve;

I have a few words of enchantment, Phillis, Will ease thee of this little suffering. The sage Artesia told them me, and had That little ivory horn of mine in payment, Fretted with gold!" So saying, she applied To the hurt cheek, the lips of her divine And most delicious mouth, and with sweet humming

Murmured some verses that I knew not of. Oh admirable effect! a little while, And all the pain was gone; either by virtue Of those enchanted words, or as I thought, By virtue of those lips of dew, That heal whate'er they turn them to. I, who till then had never had a wish Beyond the sunny sweetness of her eyes, Or her dear dulcet words, more dulcet far Than the soft murmur of a humming stream Crooking its way among the pebble-stones, Or summer air that bubble in the leaves, Felt a new wish move in me to apply This mouth of mine to hers; and so becoming Crafty and plotting, (an unusual art With me, but it was love's intelligence) I did bethink me of a gentle stratagem To work out my new wit. I made pretence. As if the bee had bitten my under lip; And fell to lamentations of such sort, That the sweet medicine which I dared not ask With word of mouth, I asked for with my looks. The simple Sylvia then; Compassioning my pain, Offered to give her help To that pretended wound; And oh! the real and the mortal wound, Which pierced into my being, When her lips came on mine, Never did bee from flower Suck sugar so divine, As was the honey that I gathered then From those twin roses fresh. I could have bathed in them my burning kisses,

But fear and shame withheld That too audacious fire, And made them gently hang. But while into my bosom's core, the sweetness, Mixed with a secret poison, did go down, It pierced me so with pleasure, that still feigning The pain of the bee's weapon, I contrived That more than once the enchantment was repeated. From that time forth, desire And irrepressible pain so grew within me, That not being able to contain it more, I was compelled to speak;

The chorus at the end of the first act conveys the spirit of the author, but is lamentably different in versification.

O lovely age of gold!
Not that the rivers rolled
With milk, or that the woods dropped honey dew;
Not that the ready ground
Produced without a wound,
Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew;
Not that a cloudless blue
For ever was in sight,
Or that the heaven which burns,
And now is cold by turns,
Looked out in glad and everlasting light;
No, nor that ev'n the insolent ships from far
Brought woe to no new lands, nor riches worse
than war:

But solely that that vain
And breath-invented pain,
That idol of mistakes, that worshipped cheat,
That Honour,—since so called
By vulgar minds appalled,
Played not the tyrant with our nature yet.
It had not come to fret
The sweet and happy fold
Of gentle human-kind;
Nor did its hard law bind
Souls nursed in freedom; but that law of gold,
That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,
Which Nature's own hand wrote,—What
pleases, is permitted.

Then among streams and flowers
The little winged Powers
Went singing carols without torch or bow:
The nymphs and shepherds sat
Mingling with innocent chat
Sports and whispers; and with whispers low
Kisses that would not go.
The maiden, budding o'er,
Kept not her bloom uneyed,
Which now a veil must hide,
Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore:
And oftentimes, in river or in lake,
The lover and his love their merry bath would take.

* * *
Go; let us love: the daylight dies, is born;
But unto us the light
Dies once for all; and sleep brings on eternal
night.

The famous speech of the Satyr—

Picciola è l' ape, e fa col picciol morso
Pur gravi, e pur moleste le ferite;
is thus translated:—
Small is the bee, and yet with a small sting
Makes grave and troublesome wounds. But
what is smaller
Than love, who lurks in the minutest things,
And strays in the minutest? now beneath
The shadow of an eye-brow; now among
Threads of fine hair; and now in the small wells,
Which a sweet smile forms in a lovely cheek.

And yet what great and mortal wounds are his,
And past all remedy ! Alas ! all wound
And bleeding havoc is he in my nature ;
And millions of sharp spears does he keep stored
In Sylvia's eyes. Oh cruel love ! Oh Sylvia,
More hard and without sense, than are the woods,
How rightly dost thou bear than sylvan name !
What foresight his who gave it thee ! The woods
Hide with their lovely leaves, lions, and bears,
And snakes ; and thou in thy fair bosom hidest
Hate, and disdain, and hard impiety ;
Things wilder far than lions, bears, and snakes ;
For those are tameable, but to tame thee
Defies the power of present and of prayer.

Alas ! when I would give thee flowers new-
blown,

Thou drawest thyself back ; perhaps because
Thou hast more lovely flowers in thy own looks.
Ah me ! when I present thee sweet young apples,
Thou puttest them away ; perhaps because
Thou hast more sweet young apples in thy
bosom.

Alas ! when I would please thee with sweet honey,
Thou treatest it as nought ; perhaps because
Thou hast a sweeter honey in thy lips.
If my poor means can give thee nothing better,
I give thee my own self. And why, unjust one,
Scorn and abhor the gift ? I am not one
To be despised, if truly t'other day
I saw myself reflected in the sea,
When the winds hushed, and there was not a
wave.

This ruddy sanguine visage, these broad shoul-
ders,

This hairy breast, and these my shaggy thighs,
Are marks of strength and manhood. If thou
dost not

Believe them, try them. What dost thou expect
Of those young dainty ones, whose girlish cheeks
Are scarcely tinged with down, and who dispose
Their pretty locks in order, —girls indeed
In strength as well as look ? Will any of them
Follow thee through the woods, and up the
mountains,

And combat for thy sake with bears and boars ?
I am no brute thing ; no, —nor dost thou scorn
me

Because I am thus shaped, but simply and solely
Because I am thus poor. Oh, that the woods
Should take this vile example from the town.
This is indeed the age of gold ; for gold
Is conqueror of all, and gold is king.
Oh thou, whoe'er thou wert, that first did shew
The way to make love venal, be thou accurst.
Curst may thine ashes be, and cold thy bones ;
And never mayst thou find shepherd or nymph
To say to them in passing " Peace be with ye ;"
But may the sharp rains wash them, and the
winds

Blow on their bareness ; and the herd's foul foot
Trample them, and the stranger. Thou didst
first

Put shame upon the nobleness of love ;
And thine was the vile hand that first did put
Bitterness in his cup. A venal love !
A love that waits on gold ! It is the greatest,
And most abominable, and filthiest monster,
That ever land or sea shuddered at bearing.
But why in vain lament me ? Every creature
Uses the helping arms which nature gave it :
The stag betakes himself to flight, the lion
Ramps with his mighty paws, the foaming boar
Turns with his tusks ; and loveliness and grace
Are women's weapons and her potency.
If nature made me then fitted for deeds
Of violence and rapine, why not I ?
Use violence for my ends ? I will do so :
I will go force from that ungrateful one
What she denies my love. A goatherd, who

Has watched her ways, tells me that she is used
To bathe her in a fountain ; and has shewn me
The very spot. There will I plant me close
Among the shrubs and bushes, and so wait
Until she come ; then seize my opportunity,
And run upon her. What can she oppose,
The tender thing, either by force or flight,
To one so swift and powerful ? She may use
Her sighs and tears, and all that is of force
In beauty to move pity. I will twist
This hand of mine in her thick locks ; nor stir
One step till I have drank my draught of ven-
geance.

These will suffice to show where the
trantor has been most successful. In less
fortunate passages, we have such puerilities
and blunders as these :—

The time will come
When wilt thou grieve thou didst not mind my
words ;

Then wilt thou shun the fountains, for mere dread
Of seeing thyself grown wrinkled and featureless
[a heroic line :]

Denying pity
To one [to] whom nought else under heaven de-
nies it.

Thy hopes reward
Will he what thou hast seen in that bare beauty.
Her luckless relics, should she be not whole ?
[i. e. broken to pieces by a fall.]

Content ! content ! since thou will do it not,
Or cannot.
Nay, thy suspicion will turn out as groundless,
As it has done just now. Every one takes
All possible care of his own life, believe me.

This prosing is the sense of the line,
Ch'ognauno a suo poter salva la vita :

And in a subsequent scene we find
Consolati, meschina :
Unhappy me, take comfort !

Io non merto pietate
Che non la seppi usare :

I do deserve no pity,
For I was used to none.

Non per pietà di me, ma per pietate
Di chi degno ne fui,
Che m'ajuti a cercare
L'infelici sue membra, e a seppellirle.

And thou, O Daphne, lock
Thy tears up in thy heart, love,
If they are spent for me.
And yet for pity too,
Not of myself, but one.
That did deserve it all.
I pray thee let us go, oh ! let us go,
And gather up his limbs and bury them.

This is sad silly trifling ; and we fear Mr.
Hunt's Amyntas will never be so celebrated
as Tasso's Aminta.

*Classical Excursion from Rome to Ar-
pino.* By Charles Kelsall. Geneva.
1820. 8vo. pp. 254.

Mr. Kelsall is one of the most singular
writers, as well as odd in his fashion of
printing and publishing, that we are ac-
quainted with. What he wants in form, he
makes up by amusing eccentricity ; and if we
do not always find him thinking correctly,
we at least often find him thinking, which is

more than nine tenths of our modern auth-
ors do.

The present volume, whether we refer to
the subject, or its treatment, may well be
called *Classical* ; and as for its second title,
Excursion, it also merits that name *par
excellence*, for its extraordinary excursive-
ness. The prominent feature is an enthusi-
astic admiration of Cicero, in which we most
cordially agree with Mr. Kelsall ; and it is
diversified with so many odd caprioles,
with stories of Italian robbers, remarks on modern
manners, episodes, and jokes, that where we
do not admire we laugh, and where we with-
hold assent, we feel it impossible to be very
angry with the assertor of dogmas, some of
them not very strictly consistent with ortho-
doxy and received opinions. *Ex. Gr.* At p.
14, he leaves us in doubt whether he be more
a Pagan, a Mahometan, or a Christian ; for he
tells us—

" The religion of ancient Greece and
Rome was far superior in this respect to the
Catholic ; for the ancients, by deifying the
attributes of the Deity, and the different
modifications of his power displayed here
on earth, referred in fact all adoration to
him. But whatever may be the sentiments
of the upper ranks of the Catholics, the
middling and lower classes, when they prostrate
themselves before the shrines of *San' Antonio* of Padua, or *Santa Rose di Viterbo*,
think more of those individuals who have
sprung from the *Camera del Papagallo*,
than of the fountain of power, goodness,
and truth. Go to Constantinople.—You
will see there, it is true, a people inattentive
to good government, and to the development
and melioration of mind ; but you will not
see the Multi waving his wand, and absolv-
ing people from their sins, like the priests in
St. Peter's. The principal *Musfi* canonizes
no saint, and orders no bones or toes to be
kissed. Mahomet, however defective may
be his doctrines in other respects, sends his
followers to the temple of the Deity, and
bids them prostrate themselves there, without
asserting that he is any more than a pro-
phet, or interpreter of God's word, a title
which he can hardly be refused, if we consider
the extraordinary effect which his *Koran*
has occasioned. We can only estimate reli-
gions from the more or less good of which
they are productive to man, contemplated in
his individual and social relations. Friend-
ship of a devoted kind is not uncommon in
Turkey ; in Rome it is certainly rare. The
testimonies of numerous travellers concur in
stating that a low shop-keeper in Turkey
scorns to ask even of a Christian, a greater
sum than he would of a Turk. Most of the
Roman shop-keepers turn foreigners to the
best account they can. The Turk will some-
times rob by open force ; but he scorbs pil-
fering, as common at Rome as in London
and Paris, and easily expiated by a kiss of
the brazen feet of St. Peter, a wave of the
magic wand from the confessional boxes, or
a bow to the waxen virgins, surrounded by
their flower-pots. The Turk having per-
formed his ablutions, kneels to the Most
High, and only suffers himself to be acquit-
ted by the testimony of his own conscience.

The Turk never turns his temples into charnel-houses, like the Roman. Whether noble or mechanic, he enters his mosque with sentiments of devotion and awe*. The Roman on the contrary, often laughs at several of those ceremonies, which his conscience will upbraid him for neglecting."

Nor do we quarrel seriously with the specimens of affectation in style, that occasionally cross us;—"a Babylonish dialect" is becoming quite common with our travellers; and all that Mr. K. needs to have said of his lucubrations is, that they are not out of the fashion. And he has the general excuse of necessarily quoting much, and consequently being thrown as it were upon a patch-work of languages. The general character of the volume however will appear sufficiently from the following examples, which show the author to be imbued with classic literature, of refined understanding, and of very considerable originality of talent. The opinion of so competent a connoisseur upon Canova and Thorvaldsen is worth quoting.

"The modern Alcamenes (he says) has however found a puissant rival in the Dane Thorvaldsen, who in reliefs, is confessedly the first artist living: witness his *Giorno, Notte, and Triumphs of Alexander*. Neither would it be easy to find among Canova's productions, statues superior to his *Dancing Girl*, his *Mercury*, and *Adonis*. But *Venus receiving the apple*, and *Cupid contemplating his dart*, both from the chisel of this distinguished Dane, are *opera omnibus fortasse hodiernae artis anteponenda*. He will, I suspect, be found to possess more nerve and invention than Canova, and to be but little his inferior in grace. It must however be understood, that though the Grecian spirit has been happily caught by these great artists, we cannot yet discover in their works that high creative *ideal*, which we recognize in the Apollo, the Meleager, and the Laocoön."

In an early stage of the excursion from Rome, Mr. K. visited the reputed remains of the Horatian Villa. His reflections here afford a fair example of his manner.

"Of all the Latin poets, Horace is certainly the most original; and the best proof of this is the impossibility of imitating him with success. The harmonious majesty of Virgil, the sonorous pomp of Lucan, the philosophical dignity of Lucretius, the spleen and energy of Juvenal, the elegiac tenderness of Tibullus and Propertius, and the amorous fire of Ovid, have been sometimes caught by good scholars. But the style of the argute Venetian, especially in his satires and epistles, like the *grata proteritas* of his *Glycera*, has hitherto bid defiance to the most refined student. His *curiosa felicitas* escapes both Pope and Boileau; though it must be confessed that we are indebted to the last for a more perfect Art of Poetry.

"Quitting the Horatian villa, we regained the *via Valeria*, and following the course

of the Anio to our right, proceeded by the *via Sublacensis* to Subiaco, a place known in ancient geography, under the title of the *Simbrivine ponds*; and distant from Vico-varo about twenty miles. We presently crossed the Rio Freddo, which was transported to Rome on a course of arches sixty-one miles in length, under the title of *Aqua Marcia*. It corresponds with the description of it given by Frontinus: *pene statim stagnino colore præviridi*, being of an emerald green: and water, when very pure, seems of that colour. It is thus that the Spaniards have their *Rio verde* in a celebrated romance. About a mile further to the left, are also the sources of the *Aqua Claudia*, which according to Plinius, travelled to the capital on a range of arches not less than forty-six miles in length. We left Aosta to our right, the ancient *Augusta*, built on a precipitous and insulated rock, in the midst of the valley. Five miles beyond is Subiaco, which Nero made conspicuous with his villa. *Sublaqueum, under the lakes*, or as we might translate it, *under the halter*, seems an appropriate residence for such a tyrant. Tacitus tells us that at a banquet given here by that abortion, the tables were struck and upset by a thunder-bolt; we should however remember that the Roman historians, and especially Tacitus, are fond of giving effect to great occurrences by the intervention of the thunder of Jove: *Discumbentis Neronis apud Simbrivina stagna, cui Sublaqueum nomen est, iota dapes mensaque dijecta erat*. A monk of the Altieri family has lately unearthed several apartments of the Neronian villa. The modern town is better built than Tivoli, and a lofty and spacious feudal castle commands it of the lower ages. Hither St. Benedict retired, the founder of one of the most hospitable and sensible of the monastic orders; and a cave is shewn near the town, where the saint offered up his orisons. Subiaco is interesting as having been the first place in Italy, where printing-presses were established; and according to Tiraboschi, the works of Lactantius, and the *De Oratore* of Cicero, were the first productions of the first Italian press, established in a monastery at Subiaco. Rock crystal is found in the neighbouring cliffs.

"We had now entered the narrow defiles of the Apennines, and the *ridus* of the Italian Aborigines, who like the *autochthones* of Greece, despised the neighbouring tribes, who owed their origin to colonies. Whence they came is matter of dispute. Cato tells us in a fragment, *primo Italiani tenuisse quendam qui Aborigines appellabantur*; and Justin says that they were the first cultivators of Italy. They were believed by some to have come from Achaea. Festus speaking of them says: *sunt gens antiquissima Italica*. Their savage habits and life are alluded to by Virgil in the following line: *Gensque virilis trunca, et duro robore nata*; and by Sallust: *genus hominum agreste, sine legibus, sine imperio, liberum atque solitum*. Janus and Saturnus were two of their chiefs, who imparted to them the rudi-

ments of civilization; and like the heroes of Greece, were subsequently deified:

—*genus indocile ac dispersum montibus altis Composuit, legesque dedit*.

says Virgil speaking of Saturnus. Dionysius of Halicarnassus is so confused in his account of these Aborigines, or as some have called them *Aberrigines*, that he leaves us as much in the dark as before. The two insurmountable difficulties among the Italian antiquaries, are the origin of this race, and that of the Tuscans. It is amusing to trace the contradictory statements of the learned respecting the last. Their descent perplexed the ancients, as well as moderns. Herodotus tells us that they came from Lydia; Varro, and Aristides quoted by Strabo, will have it that they were Pelasgians; Bochart, that they came from Canaan, or Phoenicia; Buonarotti, from Egypt; while Pelloutier, Freret, and others maintain that they were of Celtic origin. It is probable that the Aborigines and the Tuscans were indigenous in the strict sense of the word; placed in Italy by the immediate act of the Deity, like Adam in Mesopotamia.

"But circumstances had occurred, which threw a chill over the enjoyment, which we should have otherwise felt, in witnessing the actual condition of this uncouth tribe. There was one *Dicesaris*, an aboriginal compound of bigotry, activity, and cruelty; the Cæsar Borgis of the Apennines. At the head of a troop of banditti as fearless as himself, he had spread terror to the gates of Rome, and had insulted, perhaps intimidated the authorities, by demanding a considerable ransom for an individual of note, whose person he had secured. The papal troops had been despatched in quest of him, and a few days before we left Rome, they had found his wife and family at the village of *Saint Prassedi*, whom by a summary legal process, they had murdered in cold blood. *Dicesaris* in consequence, was wandering in the heart of the Apennines, rabid as a wounded lion, and breathing slaughter and revenge. Informed however at Subiaco, by the magistrate, and papal military officer, that he had not been heard of, or seen in that vicinity, we crossed the Anio, now reduced to a streamlet, and we saw the mountain beyond, *unde Anien fluenta*."

Thus between pleasing learned gossip, and a somewhat odd jumble of incident and remark, we proceed onward to Arpino.

"On approaching the village of Anticoli, which I do not find occupying the site of any ancient town, we saw a multitude of peasants and herdsmen assembled on a sort of rude terrace, to witness a horse-race. Their appearance was uncouth and picturesque in the extreme. They were clad chiefly in sheep-skins, and wore red caps. The better class were armed. They reminded me of the Nogai Tartars in the south of Russia. These modern *Aborigines*, with black dishevelled hair, and olive complexions, who rent the air with barbarous yells as we passed, corresponded with the description of their ancestors, transmitted to us by Virgil:

* [The same argument is very applicable just now to our protestant cathedrals.]

*Horrido precipue cui gens, assectaque multo
Venatu nemorum duris & aquila glebis;
Armati terram excent, semperque recentes
Coniectare juvat praedas, et vivere rapto.*

" Not desirous of entering our palfries at the Anticoli races, we journeyed to Alatri, (*Alatrium*), a town that figures in the comedy of the *Captives* of Plautus. We arrived there at dusk, after having passed through a country wooded by nature, like the noblest parks of England. Alatri is one of the five Saturnian cities; there are four others which claim their origin from that unknown hero styled *Saturnus*. They all begin with the first letter of the alphabet, and are as follows: *Alatri, Anagni, Atina, Are, and Arpino*. There is something inexpressibly striking to the mind, on entering a city like Alatri, the origin of which is lost in the impenetrable mist of ages. There are no cities in England, of which we have any authentic records, earlier than *Julius Cesar*; there are not many in France; we can trace the origin of them all, at least as soon as they began to assume any commercial importance. The same will apply to the Spanish cities, with the exception perhaps of *Tartessus*, the origin of which is involved in obscurity. There is no city in Sicily, of which we have not authentic data; tradition respecting the Greek colonies is also pretty satisfactory; but enter any one of the five Saturnian, or the twelve Etrurian cities; ask about what period were laid the colossal substructions, remains of which are in all more or less visible. The person whom you interrogate, be he a *Cluverius*, is mute. You might as well hope to obtain satisfactory information respecting the oldest ruins in India, Persia, or Egypt; which have always perplexed, and will perplex antiquaries. All that we can conclude is, that Alatri is a city of the Italian Aborigines, founded at some remote and unknown period, probably by *Saturnus*, who after imparting some few ideas of civilization among his followers, was venerated by them, and subsequently, with *Janus*, (whose temples were common in the *Apennines*), crept into *Rome* as the tutelar deities of the republic. It would be well if a new *Janus* or *Saturnus* could reappear in the *Apennines*, to propagate fresh ideas of social order; for here are an unreasonable number of the priesthood, and the same *extimibilis supersticio* as in the capital.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*The Protocol; or Selections from the
Contents of a Red Box, &c. Edited
by Leigh Cliffe, Esq. London, 1820.
12mo. pp. 140.*

One of the trumpery publications which are got up in times of ferment, without any recommendation to notice, except their serving as the sinks for all the stale filth and garbage which happen to be floating about at the period, is considered as a recommendation. Without wit, without humour, without even that poignancy of abuse which often obtains readers, the *Protocol* is indeed a miserable morbid accumulation of trash;

and Leigh Cliffe, Esquire (if such Squire there be), ten times a duller coxcomb at scurrility than his namesake Leigh.

The First Day in Heaven. A Fragment.
London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 106.

This slight volume is, we understand, the production of one of the heads of an Irish Institution; and, as an ethical essay, founded on an enlarged view of natural philosophy, is highly deserving of approbation. But we must say, it has disappointed us—not from its imperfections, but from its being so complete a misnomer. We anticipated much from the title, which opened a glorious field, both for truth and imagination. *The First Day in Heaven*, however, is but one day added to earth. Its sentiments, principles, intelligence, are all such as we highly approve: it elevates the mind, and applies nobly to the human understanding: it contains many fine reflections, and some original thoughts—but it is not what it purports to be; and we dislike being dashed from Heaven, even to so perfect an earth

OXLEY'S NEW SOUTH WALES.

[Concluded.]

The following is all we can glean of natural history from Mr. Oxley's imposing quarto. In the *Lachlan*—

" One man in less than an hour caught eighteen large fish, one of which was a curiosity from its immense size, and the beauty of its colours. In shape and general form it most resembled a cod, but was speckled over with brown, blue, and yellow spots, like a leopard's skin; its gills and belly a clear white, the tail and fins a dark brown. It weighed entire seventy pounds, and without the entrails sixty-six pounds: it is somewhat singular that in none of these fish is any thing found in the stomach, except occasionally a shrimp or two."

" A new species of fish was caught, having four smellers above and four under the mouth; the hind part of it resembled an eel; it had one dorsal fin, and four other fins, with a white belly; it measured twenty-one inches and a half, and weighed about two pounds three quarters."

" Several flocks of a new description of pigeon were seen for the first time; two were shot, and were beautiful and curious. Their heads were crowned with a black plume, their wings streaked with black, the short feathers of a golden colour edged with white; the back of their necks a white flesh colour, their breasts fawn-coloured, and their eyes red. A new species of cockatoo or parrot, being between both, was also seen, with red necks and breasts, and grey backs.

" The animals differing from those in the neighbourhood of Bathurst are but few: the principal is a new species of red kangaroo; a smaller species of the same, having a head delicately formed, called by us the rabbit-kangaroo. Two other birds besides the pigeon and cockatoo before-mentioned may be noticed: we suppose them to be both birds of prey, being only heard at that time; neither of them was seen: one was remarkable for exactly imitating the calls of the

natives, the other the short sharp bark of the native dog, insomuch that our dogs were constantly deceived by the noise."

" An inmate of an alarming description took up its lodging in our tent during the last night, probably washed out of its hole by the rain: a large diamond snake was discovered coiled up among the flour bags, four or five feet from the doctor's bed."

" We killed this day one of the largest kangaroos we had seen in any part of New South Wales, being from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty pounds weight. These animals live in flocks like sheep; and I do not exaggerate, when I say that some hundreds were seen in the vicinity of this hill; it was consequently named Kangaroo Hill."

Respecting the country we extract two or three of the most descriptive passages. In the first journey.

" June 21.—Fine mild weather: at eight o'clock set forward on our journey. The farther we proceeded northwesterly, the more convinced I am that, for all the practical purposes of civilized man, the interior of this country westward of a certain meridian is uninhabitable, deprived as it is of wood, water, and grass. With respect to water, it is quite impossible that any can be retained on such a soil as the country is composed of, and no water courses, for the same reason, can be formed; for, like a sponge, it absorbs all the rain that falls, which, judging from every appearance, cannot be much. The wandering native with his little family may find a precarious subsistence in the ruts with which the country abounds; but even he, with all the local knowledge which such a life must give him, is obliged to dig with immense labour little wells at the bottom of the hills, to procure and preserve a necessary of life which is evidently not to be obtained by any other method."

" Nothing can afford a stronger contrast than the two rivers, Lachlan and Macquarie; different in their habit, their appearance, and the sources from which they derive their waters, but above all differing in the country bordering on them; the one constantly receiving great accession of water from four streams, and as liberally rendering fertile a great extent of country; whilst the other, from its source to its termination, is constantly diffusing and extenuating the waters it originally receives over low and barren deserts, creating only wet flats and uninhabitable morasses, and during its protracted and sinuous course is never indebted to a single tributary stream. The contrast indeed presents a most remarkable phenomenon in the natural history of the country, and will furnish matter in other parts of this Journal, for such conclusions as my observations have enabled me to form."

" August 22.—Among the other agreeable consequences that have resulted from discovering the river in this second Vale of Tempe, may be enumerated, as not the least, the abundance of fish and eels with which we have been supplied; swans, and ducks, were also within our reach, but we had no shot. Very large muscles were found grow-

ing among the reeds along some of the reaches; many exceeded six inches in length, and three and a half in breadth. Traces of cattle were found in various places as low as Hove's-Rock, which are now doubtless straying through the country."

Into the Macquarie fall the rivers Castle-reagh, Field, Sydney, &c. and there are some fine waterfalls. Its termination is thus mentioned—

"The river itself continued, as usual, from fifteen to twenty-five feet deep, the waters which were overflowing the plains being carried thither by a multitude of little streams, which had their origin in the present increased height of the waters above their usual level. The river continued undiminished, and presented too important a body of water to allow me to believe that those marshes and low grounds had any material effect in diffusing and absorbing it: its ultimate termination, therefore, must be more consonant to its magnitude. These reflections on the present undiminished state of the river would of themselves have caused me to pause before I hastily quitted a pursuit from the issue of which so much had naturally been expected. For all practical purposes, the nature of the country precluded me from indulging the hope, that even if the river should terminate in an inland sea, it could be of the smallest use to the colony."

After going about twenty miles, we lost the land and trees: the channel of the river, which lay through reeds, and was from one to three feet deep, ran northerly. This continued for three or four miles farther, when although there had been no previous change in the breadth, depth, and rapidity of the stream for several miles, and I was sanguine in my expectations of soon entering the long sought for Australian sea, it all at once eluded our farther pursuit by spreading on every point from north-west to north-east, among the ocean of reeds which surrounded us, still running with the same rapidity as before. There was no channel whatever among those reeds, and the depth varied from three to five feet. This astonishing change (for I cannot call it the termination of the river), of course left me no alternative but to endeavour to return to some spot, on which we could effect a landing before dark. I estimated that during this day we had gone about twenty-four miles, on nearly the same point of bearing as yesterday. To assert positively that we were on the margin of the lake or sea into which this great body of water is discharged, might reasonably be deemed a conclusion which has nothing but conjecture for its basis; but if an opinion may be permitted to be hazarded from actual appearances, mine is decidedly in favour of our being in the immediate vicinity of an inland sea, or lake, most probably a shoal one, and gradually filling up by immense depositions from the higher lands, left by the waters which flow into it. It is most singular, that the high-lands on this continent seem to be confined to the sea-coast, or not to extend to any great distance from it."

The following anecdote is curious.

"A singular instance of affection in one of the brute creation was this day witnessed. About a week ago we killed a native dog, and threw his body on a small bush: in returning past the same spot to-day, we found the body removed three or four yards from the bush, and the female in a dying state lying close beside it; she had apparently been there from the day the dog was killed, being so weakened and emaciated as to be unable to move on our approach. It was deemed mercy to despatch her."

We now take leave of this work, which will be found to supply little more intelligence than we have extracted; except so much as may be summed up in few words. Lime and coal were occasionally found; and also, once, a saponaceous clay like fuller's earth. The party suffered much from thirst, though it is stated that rain fell abundantly; and one of the men was speared by a native, to obtain his axe, but recovered. Surveyors' jobs are usually very expensive; and Mr. Oxley's, with the super-addition of the bookseller's weighty pressure, renders this a work of excessive cost, when considered with reference to its intrinsic worth, or to the value of the information it furnishes to the general stock.

HUBER ON ANTS.

[*Dr. Johnson's Translation, continued.*]

The fourth chapter of this interesting history treats of the relation between [relations among] Ants; on which branch of their economy the following extract will be sufficient.

"The guard or sentry of the ant-hill will furnish us with the first proof of their social relations. We could, without doubt, irritate ants on the surface of the nest, without alarming those in the interior, if they acted isolately, and had no means of communicating their mutual impressions. Those who are occupied at the bottom of their nest, removed from the scene of danger, ignorant of what menaces their companions, could not arrive to their assistance; but it appears, that they are quickly and well informed of what is passing on the exterior. When we attack those without, the most part engage in their defence with a considerable degree of courage: there are always some, who immediately steal off and produce alarm throughout their city; the news is communicated from quarter to quarter, and the labourers come forward in a crowd, with every mark of uneasiness and anger. What, however, is highly worthy our remark is that the ants, to whose charge the young are confided, and who inhabit the upper stories, where the temperature is highest, warned also of the impending danger, always governed by that extreme solicitude for their charge, which we have so often admired, hasten to convey them to the deepest part of their habitation, and thus deposit them in a place of safety."

"To study in detail the manner in which this alarm spreads over the ant-hill, we must extend our observations to the individuals of the largest species: the Herculean Ants, who inhabit hollow trees and who quit them only in the spring, to accompany the

males and females, have very much assisted me in this object.

"The labourers are from five to six lines in length; the winged individuals are also proportionably large: they may be frequently seen running about the trunk of an oak, at the entrance of their labyrinth. When I disturbed those ants that were at the greatest distance from their companions, by either observing them too closely, or blowing upon them lightly, I saw them run towards the other ants, give them gentle blows with their heads against the corslet, communicating to them, in this way, their fear or anger, passing rapidly from one to the other in a semicircular direction, and striking several times successively against those who did not put themselves in instant motion. These, warned of the common danger, set off immediately, describing in their turn different curves, and stopping to strike with their heads all those they met on their passage. In one moment the signal was general, all the labourers ran over the surface of the tree with great agitation, those within receiving notice of the danger, and probably by the same means, came out in a crowd and joined this tumult. The same signal which produced upon the workers this effect, caused a different impression upon the males and females; as soon as one of the labourers had informed them of their danger, they sought an asylum, and re-entered precipitately the trunk of the tree—not one thought of quitting its temporary shelter, until a worker approached and gave them the signal for flight. The solicitude of the labourers in their favour, is manifested in the activity they display, in giving them advice or intimating to them the order for their departure; they redouble then the above signals, as if conscious of their understanding their intent less readily than the companions of their labours: the latter understand them, if I may use the expression, at half a word."

The author then details several extraordinary circumstantial proofs that these insects possess some kind of language, in which to make themselves understood by their companions.

The fifth chapter treats of the wars of ants; and is almost as fine a satire on the biped pismire man, as Gulliver's Lilliputian annals.

"Of all the enemies of the ant, those most dreaded are the ants themselves; the smallest not the least, since several fasten at once upon the feet of the largest, drag them on the ground, embarrass their movements, and thus prevent their escape. One would be astonished at the fury of these insects in their combats; it would be more easy to tear away their limbs and cut them in pieces, than compel them to quit their hold. It is nothing uncommon to see the head of an ant suspended by the legs or antennae of some worker, who bears about, in every place, this pledge of his victory. We also observe, not unfrequently, the ants dragging after them the entire body of some enemy they had killed some time before,

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fastened to their feet in such a way as not to allow of their disengaging themselves.

" Supposing the ants to be of equal size, those furnished with a sting have an advantage over those who employ only for their defence their venom and their teeth. The whole of those ants whose peduncle has no scale, but one or two knots, are provided with a sting; the Red Ants, which are said to sting more sharply than the rest, possess both these sorts of arms. In general the ants furnished with sting are, in our country, some of the smallest. I know but one species of middle size; but it is very rare and only inhabits the Alps.

" The wars entered into by ants of different size bear no resemblance to those in which ants engage who come to combat with an equal force. When the large attack the small, they appear to do it by surprise, most likely to prevent the latter from fastening upon their legs; they seize them in the upper part of the body and strangle them immediately between their pincers. But when the small ants have time to guard against an attack, they intimate to their companions the danger with which they are threatened, when the latter arrive in crowds to their assistance. I have witnessed a battle between the Herculean and the Sanguine Ants; the Herculean Ants quitted the trunk of the tree in which they had established their abode, and arrived to the very gates of the dwelling of the Sanguine Ants; the latter, only half the size of their adversaries, had the advantage in point of number; they, however, acted on the defensive. The earth, strewn with the dead bodies of their compatriots, bore witness they had suffered the greatest carnage: they, therefore, took the prudent part of fixing their habitation elsewhere, and with great activity transported to a distance of fifty feet from the spot, their companions, and the several objects that interested them. Small detachments of the workers were posted at little distances from the nest, apparently placed there to cover the march of the recruits and to preserve the city itself from any sudden attack. They struck against each other when they met, and had always their mandibles separated in the attitude of defiance. As soon as the Herculean Ants approached their camp, the continually in front assailed them with fury; they fought at first in single combat. The Sanguine Ant threw himself upon the Herculean Ant, fastened upon its head, turned its abdomen against the chest of its adversary or against the lower part of its mouth, and inundated it with venom. It sometimes quitted its antagonist with great quickness; more frequently, however, the Herculean Ant held between its feet its audacious enemy. The two champions then rolled themselves in the dust and struggled violently. The advantage was at first in favour of the largest ant; but its adversary was soon assisted by those of its own party, who collected around the Herculean Ant and inflicted several deep wounds with their teeth. The Herculean Ant yielded to numbers*; it either perished

the victim of its temerity, or was conducted a prisoner to the enemy's camp.

" Such are the combats between ants of different size; but if we wish to behold regular armies, war in all its form, we must visit those forests in which the Fallow Ants establish their dominion over every insect in their territory. We shall there see populous and rival cities, regular roads passing from the ant-hill as so many rays from a centre, and frequently by an immense number of combatants, wars between hordes of the same species, for they are naturally enemies and jealous of the territory which borders their own capital. It is in these forests I have witnessed the inhabitants of two large ant-hills engaged in spirited combat. I cannot pretend to say what occasioned discord between these republics. They were composed of ants of the same species, alike in their extent and population; and were situated about a hundred paces distance from each other. Two empires could not possess a greater number of combatants.

" Let us figure to ourselves this prodigious crowd of insects covering the ground lying between these two ant-hills, and occupying a space of two feet in breadth. Both armies met at half-way from their respective habitations, and there the battle commenced. Thousands of ants took their station upon the highest ground, and fought in pairs, keeping firm hold of their antagonists by their mandibles: a considerable number were engaged in the attack and leading away prisoners. The latter made several ineffectual efforts to escape, as if aware that, upon their arrival at the camp, they would experience a cruel death. The scene of warfare occupied a space of about three feet square; a penetrating odour exhaled from all sides; numbers of dead ants were seen covered with

box, nearly a month, about an equal number of Red and Yellow Ants. It would seem that a general feeling of compassion for their unfortunate imprisonment had given birth to a suspension of hostilities, and that rankling animosity had been exchanged for good will and social order. During this period I seldom witnessed any affray on the exterior of the nest, and on breaking it up, the interior gave me no room to suppose it had been the scene of much contention; but scarcely were they liberated, scarcely did they feel the fresh breeze passing over them, than their animosity rekindled, and the field of their liberty became the theatre of sanguinary combat. For a few moments each party seemed engaged in discovering a place of retreat, and it was only on returning to the ruins of their original prison, to bring off the rest of their companions, that they encountered and waged war upon each other. What was as singular as unexpected, they fought in pairs, in no one instance *en masse*; indeed, it only twice happened, although the ground was strewn with combatants, that a third came to the aid of its companion, and even then, as if conscious of the unequal contest, one immediately retired. It was inconceivable with what desperate fury, and with what determined obstinacy they fastened upon each other. With their mandibles alone they often succeeded in effecting a complete separation of the body of their antagonist, of which the ground exhibited many proofs when I revisited it.—T.

* I retained in close captivity in the same

venom. Those ants composing groups and chains, took hold of each other's legs and pincers, and dragged their antagonists on the ground. These groups formed successively. The fight usually commenced between two ants, who seized each other by the mandibles, and raised themselves upon their hind-legs, to allow of their bringing their abdomen forward, and spouting the venom upon their adversary. They were frequently so closely wedged together that they fell upon their sides, and fought a long time in that situation, in the dust; they shortly after raised themselves, when each began dragging its adversary; but when their force was equal, the wrestlers remained immovable, and fixed each other to the ground, until a third came to decide the contest. It more commonly happened that both ants received assistance at the same time, when the whole four, keeping firm hold of a foot or antennae, made ineffectual attempts to gain the battle. Some ants joined the latter, and these were, in their turn, seized by new arrivals. It was in this way they formed chains of six, eight, or ten ants, all firmly locked together; the equilibrium was only broken when several warriors, from the same republic, advanced at the same time, who compelled those that were enchain'd to let go their hold, when the single combats again took place. On the approach of night each party returned gradually to the city, which served it for an assylum. The ants, which were either killed or led away in captivity, not being replaced by others, the number of combatants diminished, until their force was exhausted.

" The ants returned to the field of battle before dawn. The groups again formed; the carnage recommenced with greater fury than on the preceding evening, and the scene of combat occupied a space of six feet in length, by two in breadth. Success was for a long time doubtful; about mid-day the contending armies had removed to the distance of a dozen feet from one of their cities, whence I conclude some ground had been gained. The ants fought so desperately, that nothing could withdraw them from their enterprise; they did not even perceive my presence, and although I remained close to the army, none of them climbed upon my legs; they seemed absorbed in one object, that of finding an enemy to contend with."

[*To be continued.*]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

INSANITY.

* DR. ESQUIROL, ON MADHOUSES IN FRANCE.

From all these lamentable arrangements it results, that the insane are very badly off, in all respects, as the following details prove:—

" 1st. Their apartments are by no means disposed in a manner properly adapted to their use: almost every where, except in the Salpêtrière and the Bicêtre, the buildings occupied by the insane are the most retired, the oldest, the dampest, and consequently the most unwholesome; the buildings lately

* Concluded from the L. G. of 17th June, p. 391.

erected in the *Dépôts de Mendicité*, or elsewhere, are very ill contrived; in some, for example, the court-yard which separates the building from the wall that surrounds it, is not a toise in breadth.

" 2d. The habitations, the cells, dungeons, cages, &c. are dreadful; without air, without light, damp, confined, paved like the streets, often lower than the surface of the ground, and sometimes in the vaults (*Souterrains*); these apartments have generally no opening but the door, and a little square hole opposite to it; sometimes there is no opening but the door. The air does not circulate in them, and when you enter, you are suffocated with the infectious odour which they exhale. There are cells which resemble cages; others are of wood, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather. In my work upon these madhouses, I intend to give a description of these habitations; they seem all to have been constructed to degrade man, and deprive him of the first elements necessary to the preservation of life.

" 3d. Often there are no beds; thus wretches tormented by the want of sleep, have sometimes only the paved floor to rest their limbs; and instead of a mattress, pillow, and quilt, nothing but straw.

" 4th. Almost every where the poor lunatics, and sometimes even those who pay for their board, are either naked or covered with rags; to them are given the tattered garments of the poor, of the infirm, and the prisoners, who live in the same establishment with them. They are good enough, it is said, for lunatics. Sometimes they are destitute of straw, or it is not changed as often as it ought to be. I have seen an unhappy lunatic quite naked, and without straw, lying upon the paved floor: expressing my astonishment at such neglect, the keeper answered, that, he was allowed only a trunk of straw once a fortnight, for each individual. I observed to this barbarian, that the dog which guarded the gate of the lunatics had a more wholesome lodging, and that he had fresh straw in abundance: this remark procured me a smile of contempt—and I was in one of the greatest cities in France.

" 5th. The regimen, the food, far from being suitable to the nature of these maladies, are injurious to them; when any thing is given them besides black bread, it is of a kind which is not proper for them. They generally get dry and ill-drest vegetables and cheese. It is a treat for the lunatics of Tours, when the nun, who superintends them, can procure once a week the intestines of the animals which have served to make the soup and broth for the poor of the hospital. In the *quartiers de force*, in the prisons, the lunatics have only bread and water, when the keepers please to give it them. How is it distributed? generally once a day. In a town they give to the lunatics, as to the prisoners, once in two days, a loaf weighing three pounds, with a pot of water. What a regimen for patients who are dried up by internal heat, devoured by thirst, and tormented by costiveness!

" 6th. They have not room in any house

to take the exercise which is so necessary to them. Sometimes there is only one court-yard for all the lunatics of the same sex, and the raving mad are always shut up: or chains are hung to the walls which surround the court, and these victims of inhumanity are fastened to them, in order to make them take the air, as their keepers say, quietly.

" 7th. The lunatics are not waited upon at all, or very indifferently; they have hardly any where servants to attend them, and when they have, their number is insufficient; sometimes they are given up to harsh, barbarous, or ignorant keepers. This neglect is the more deplorable, as these unfortunate people have not sense enough to demand the care which humanity every where gives to the sick. Are they attended? what attendance is it, great God! What can be required of a keeper who has thirty, fifty, even sixty individuals under his care? What sentiments of benevolence can these rude men have, who see in the insane only mischievous, dangerous, and hurtful beings? They are acquainted with no means to guide, to restrain, to calm them, but abuse, menaces, terror, blows, and chains.

" 8th. Chains are used every where; first, because the buildings are ill arranged; secondly, because the servants are not sufficiently numerous; thirdly, because no other means are known; fourthly, because the use of the strait waistcoat is more expensive. I have sent strait waistcoats as patterns to several towns; out of economy they are not used. It is certain that chains cost less to keep them in repair; it was for this reason Dr. Munro said they were preferable for the poor.* The improper use of chains is revolting. They use iron collars, iron girdles, manacles for the hands and feet. In one of the greatest cities, which I should be afraid to name, the raving mad are fastened to an iron collar, fixed to a chain a foot and a half long, which is screwed to the middle of the floor, and I was assured that this was the

* Insinuation as to motives and principles of action is always more dangerous than an open attack: the one is the weapon of assassination, and to be dreaded as such; the other brings us at once into contact with our enemy, which leads to decisive explanation; an event invariably courted by the candid, the manly, and the well-disposed. Dr. Munro does not appear to us to recommend handcuffs for the use of the poor, on any other principle than that of their inability to afford a more humane mode of coercion by living force. We therefore may be induced to extract from his evidence on this point, in order that the statement of Esquirol may be contrasted with the opinions of Dr. Munro; and the document will be otherwise useful, by presenting a comparative view of the advantages of the two modes of coercion, by handcuffs and the strait waistcoat. Next to the horrors described by Esquirol, in his delineation of dens, cages, and prisons, for the reception of the insane, are the miseries that must follow the constant application of the strait waistcoat, particularly in summer, to our fellow-creatures. Divest handcuffs of their association with crime, and let them be modified, and they assuredly become a much more humane mode of restraint than the strait waistcoat.—*Ed.*

surest means to calm the paroxysms of rage. At Toulouse, in an apartment which is next to the roof, containing about twenty beds, they have suspended to the walls, and over each bed, a chain, which is fastened to a girdle of iron; the lunatics, when they get into their beds, shake these chains, by which they are to be loaded during the night. In some houses leather straps are distributed to the attendants. The bunch of keys is an instrument of correction. Good regulations would abolish the use of chains every where, as it has long been in the establishment of Paris. These establishments give to the civilized world the example of two thousand lunatics, of every age, sex, condition, and character, directed, governed, and attended, without blows or chains.

" 9th. The physicians have in vain remonstrated in all the cities; but being destitute, of what is most necessary for beneficial attendance, they are discouraged, and do not visit the lunatics, but in cases of very serious illness: they are very rarely made patients with a view of curing them of their madness. There are some houses where the servants prescribe shower-baths, solitary confinement, &c. At Toulouse, from time immemorial, the physicians of the *Hotel Dieu* visited every month the poor of the general hospital; they never went to the *quartier de force*, where the maniacs were chained.

" 10th. The directors, deceived by fatal prejudices, hardly ever inspect them: many think they have well performed their duty when they have had some provisions distributed among them, and when they have put those wretches whom they suppose incurable, out of a condition to injure society.

" Their fate cannot then be ameliorated as long as they remain in the hospitals, *dépôts de mendicité*, or in the prisons."

Dr. Esquirol examines in what manner it would be the most proper to dispose of the insane; and comes to the conclusion, that it would be advisable to found a sufficient number of large establishments, which he prefers to small ones, because, as he observes, it would be more easy to divide the patients into classes, each of which requires a different mode of treatment; whereas, in a small establishment, there would be almost as many subdivisions as patients. The expense of small establishments would be much greater in proportion, and it would hardly be possible to find a sufficient number of professional men acquainted with this disease in all its various forms. These great establishments would likewise afford much better opportunities for the study of this deplorable malady.*

* Here Esquirol is at variance with himself, by forgetting the principles he had previously laid down. We contend, on the basis of experience, that no institution for the relief of the insane should be erected on a large scale. What we mean is this; that a great mass of mental disease, with their varied and necessary attendants, should never be assembled under the same roof. In the treatment of mental derangement, where numbers are aggregated, there ought invariably to be distinct medical chiefs, with an adequate number of medical and surgical assistants;

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Dr. Esquirol says that the plan of a lunatic asylum, must not be left to an architect;

and there should also be distinct buildings for the professional labours of such chiefs; and thus would emulation be promoted among the superiors, which would extend to the subordinates of all characters, and from which the utmost benefits to the insane in a professional and a humane point of view, might be with certainty calculated on. We are of opinion, that if in place of Bethlehem, there had been erected four hospitals of smaller dimensions, and skilfully subdivided, for the reception of the insane, and these founded in various convenient spots around the metropolis, the utmost benefit by the comparison of results to the cause of humanity, and the interests of the public in a pecuniary way, would have been the consequence. Such arrangements, although more expensive in their origin, and in their management, would yet, by their effects, have proved by far the most economical, by increasing the number cured, and by establishing their comfort on a more unerring basis, during this interesting and painful exhibition of human infirmity. Let us suppose two physicians, equal in point of experience and talent, of equal diligence and humanity, engaged in the treatment of insanity, and that the one has a succession of cases which he visits daily, and that they are never allowed to exceed a dozen, or half that number; while the other has the charge of 50, 100, 150, or 200 patients, whom he visits once or twice a week. Can there exist a doubt who will be the most successful practitioner? The former would be able to devote a minute attention to the characters of the dozen placed under his care, to their diet, to their dress, to their exercise; and the capacities of their mind would also engage his attention, and of course lead to means proper for its employment. The conduct and moral habits of attendants, would be here anxiously examined; in short, with such restricted duties, it would be incumbent on the physician so circumstanced, to see that every measure, however minute or humble, that contributed to their recovery, should be carried into effect. This physician would be possessed of the power of applying general principles, under the guidance of a minute attention to particulars; while the latter would be compelled to act almost solely through general principles, without particular attention to individual cases; and which individual attention is necessary to ensure success in the treatment of this and every other disease, as the study of individual character is essential to success in the pleasing science of portrait painting, which, when delicately managed, not only delineates the features, but unfolds the soul. Let us suppose a physician employed twelve hours out of the twenty-four in prescribing for this disease, and that he devotes ten minutes to each case, which on an average, will be little enough; it becomes evident that he can only get over six in an hour, and consequently only seventy-two, in twelve hours, on the supposition of his continuing twelve hours in constant action, which is an effort to be continued, beyond the faculties of the mind, above the powers of the body. In the treatment of insanity, that kind of economy which shall place too many patients under the care of one physician is as unfriendly to their recovery as the want of capital in the cultivation of the soil, must be hostile to vegetable reproduction. There is an extent of bodily labour, to which human nature is inadequate; and this principle will apply with increased force to the mind; and it therefore becomes Governors of

tect; and, * instructed by ten years experience in his own establishment, as well as by his reading, his travels, and his researches, he gives the result of his reflections, in the plan which he judges the best adapted to the purpose."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Meteorology.—The Marquis de la Place has relinquished the hypothesis of the lunar origin of meteoric stones; indeed it never was tenable. A friend of ours, who witnessed the fall of an aerolite in a brook, within 200 yards of him, during a dreadful storm, dammed out the water and dug for it a few days after. He was unsuccessful in his first excavation; but in his second attempt found the *thunderbolt* at about one foot and a half from the surface. Being rather of curious than of scientific habits, he lost this fine opportunity for experiment: but he describes the stone as spherical, and about four inches in diameter. It was exceedingly heavy, and seemed to be a dark fusion of iron and nickel. Broken with a hammer, there was discovered in the centre a cavity, three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and filled with a black powder strongly compressed. The smell was highly sulphurous. It is evident that such a production as this belonged to the chemistry of the air, and electricity.

Pyrolignous Acid.—*Curing Provisions.*—The property of preserving meat and other animal substances from putrefaction by this acid, the product of distillation from wood, was originally stated in the *Literary Gazette*, about twelve months ago. A Mr. W. Ramsay has since tried a series of experiments with the view to further investigating the subject, and rendering the acid useful in domestic and naval economy. These fully confirm the utility of the discovery for the curing of provisions. Herrings immersed for three hours in distilled Pyrolignous acid of the specific gravity of 1.012, were considerably softened, but remained in perfect preservation for half a year; the only disagreeable quality attached to them being an empyreumatic smell and taste. Merely dipping the fish in a pickle of this strength appears to be sufficient for their cure, and they are then free from empyreuma. Haddock slightly sprinkled with salt, and afterwards dipped in the acid, were finely preserved: if allowed to remain too long in the latter, the muscular fibre became decomposed, and the smell and

Hospitals to see that no task is imposed that can offer an apology for neglecting it. Physicians of such hospitals, where we contend, daily attendance is necessary for the welfare of their inhabitants, should be liberally paid, and their attention more pointedly directed to the duties of such institutions: this would prove economy combined with humanity; and until this be done, neither the insane, nor the diseased in any form, will derive the fullest benefit from the powers of medicine.

Ed.

* This opinion is most correct. Great mischief must ever arise from allowing the erection of a building of this nature, under the exclusive judgment of an architect; and of these evils, Bethlehem affords some striking examples.—*Ed.*

taste were unpleasant, as in the herring first mentioned. Herrings, with salt and acid slightly combined, were equal to the finest red herrings, and shining and fresh in their colour as when taken from the sea.

Beef dipped in the acid (sp. gr. 1.012) for one minute, in July, 1819, was, on the 4th March, 1820, as free from taint as on the day when the experiment was made. Beef dipped in pure vinegar (sp. gr. 1.009) at the same time, was free from taint on the 18th November, and being broiled, had a pleasant sub-acid taste. It is thus evident that vinegar also possesses, to a certain degree, a similar anti-septic quality with pyrolignous acid. (*See Ed. Ph. Jour. V.*)

These experiments corroborate our opinion, that this pyrolignous acid may become eminently useful in the preservation of animal substances; and we again recommend it to our chemical friends for observation.

Philology.—Mr. Jacks, librarian to the Royal Library at Bamberg, has discovered there a manuscript of the Roman history of Eutropius, which was probably brought from Rome by the Emperor Henry, the founder of the Bishopric of Bamberg. The MS. is more complete than any of the best editions hitherto published of this author, and very likely to correct a number of false readings. Professor Goeller, of Cologne, had previously discovered in the Royal Library MS. of Livy.

Antiquities.—Mr. F. C. Gau, of Cologne, who is well known as a learned architect and antiquarian, has just arrived at Rome, on his return from a long and perilous journey through parts of Asia and Africa. He is preparing to publish in that city the result of his researches, which will form a very valuable work, highly interesting to historians and archaeologists. Baron Niebuhr, Prussian ambassador at Rome, in a letter to a friend, says, "Mr. Gau, who is returned from his tour to Palestine, Egypt, and Nubia, to the second Cataract, has brought with him a treasure of the most remarkable remains of antiquity, which had hitherto been either not designed at all, or in a very imperfect manner. This is an ample compensation for the fatigues and dangers of his journey. He is the first German who has accomplished this enterprise; and the honour of Germany, as well as that of the ingenious artist, is interested in the speedy publication of the fruits of his undertaking."

Among other drawings, Mr. Gau has the views of twenty temples, never before designed. He has brought with him many curiosities, one of which is the mummy of a cat.

Red Snow.—The fungi, now generally held to be the cause of the redness, in the specimens of arctic and Swiss snows, have been found by Mr. T. Bauer to vegetate when placed in fresh snow. They also vegetate in water; but there the produce is green instead of red.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, JULY 8.

Mr. H. A. Woodgate and Mr. W. E.

Marsh, Scholars of St. John's College, were admitted Fellows of that Society.

Yesterday the following degrees were conferred:—

MASTER OF ARTS.—Rev. W. Williams, All Souls' College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—J. Wallis, Exeter College; Joseph Harling, and H. Ayling, Magdalen Hall.

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 7.

The Rev. C. J. Blomfield, of Trinity College, was on Saturday created D.D. by royal mandate. On Monday Henry W. Hyde, of Eton, coll. was admitted B. C. L.; and J. Spurquin, of Caius coll. Bachelor in Physic. Yesterday, the Rev. W. Palgrave Monclarke, of Jesus college, was admitted M. A.; and M. Prendergast, of Pembroke Hall, B. C. L. S. Pope, Esq. B. A. of Eton, coll. was last week elected a Fellow of that society. C. Smith, Esq. B. A. of St. Peter's coll. was on Saturday last elected a foundation Fellow of that society. On Tuesday last (being Commencement Day) the following Doctors and Masters of Arts were created:

DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.—The Rev. J. Inman, the Rev. T. Causton, the Rev. R. Roberts, of St. John's college; the Rev. Holt Okes, of C. C. coll.

DOCTOR IN CIVIL LAW.—G. Matcham, of St. John's college.

DOCTORS IN PHYSIC.—F. Thackery, Esq. of Emmanuel coll.; J. Walker, Esq. and J. Warburton, Esq. of Caius college.

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St. Peter's coll.; N. J. Temple; E. Wade, Sydney Sussex coll.; G. B. Green; G. F. Nicholas, King's coll.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

STANZAS,

*Written near la Croix de la Flegere, in the Vale of Chamouni.**

1.

'Tis night, and silence with unmoving wings
Broods o'er the sleeping waters;—not a sound
Breaks its most breathless hush;—the sweet
moon flings
Her pallid lustre on the hills around,
Turning the snows and ices that have crowned—
Since chaos reigned—each vast and searchless
height,
To beryl, pearl, and silver; whilst, profound,
In the still waveless lake reflected bright,
And girt with arrowy rays, rests her full orb of
light.

2.

Th' eternal mountains momently are peering
Thro' the blue clouds that mantle them;—on
high,

Their glittering crests majestically rearing,
More like to children of the infinite sky
Than of the dead earth;—triumphantly,
Prince of the whirlwind—monarch of the scene—
Mightiest where all are mighty;—from the eye
Of mortal man half hidden by the screen
Of mist that moats his base, from Arve's dark,
deep ravine,—

3.

Stands the magnificent Montblanc!—his brow,
Scarred by ten thousand thunders; most sublime,
Even as tho' risen from the world below
To watch the progress of decay;—by clime,
Storm—blight—fire—earthquake, injured not
like Time,
Stern chronicler of centuries gone by,
Doomed by an awful fiat still to climb,
Swell and increase with years incessantly +
Then yield at length to the most dread eternity!

4.

Hark! there are sounds of tumult and commotion
Hurtling in murmurs on the distant air,

Like the wild music of a wind-lashed ocean:
They rage—they gather now:—yon valley fair
Still sleeps in moonbright loveliness,—but there,
Methinks, a form of horror I behold,
With giant stride descending!—tis Despair
Riding the rushing avalanche; now rolled
From its tall cliff—by whom? what mortal
may unfold!

5.

Perchance a gale from fervid Italy
Disturbed the air-hung thunderer; or the tone
Breathed from some hunter's horn;—or it may be,
The echoes of the mountain cataract, thrown
Amid its voiceful snows, have thus called down
The overwhelming ruin on the vale:

Howbeit a mystery to man unknown,

* La Croix de la Flegere is an elevated point on the mountain of that name, and commands the finest possible view of Montblanc, and of la Mer de Glace, with the exception perhaps of Mount Breven, which is much more elevated.

+ The glaciers, according to Saussure, augment continually.

Twas but some heaven-sent power that did prevail,
For an inscrutable end its slumbers to assail.

6.

Madly it bursts along—e'en as a river
That gathers strength in its most fierce career;
The black and lofty pines a moment quiver
Before its breath,—but as it draws more near,
Crash—and are seen no more! Fleet-footed fear,
Pale as that whiterobed minister of wrath,
In silent wilderment her face doth rear,
But having gazed upon its blight and scathe,
Flies, with the swift Chamois, from its death-dooming path!

A. A. W.

BALLIDEHOB: A POEM.

1.

How glorious is this morning! the bright sun
Has just o'er topped the dewclad mountain side,

And it is beautiful to look upon

The pile of cloud his orient beams have dyed
In fringes rich and deep-inlaid, which run
Far as the eye can reach; while from the tide
Fragrant and cooling, ocean breezes come,
Murmuring in concert with the wave's hoarse hum.

2.

Hum! that's a good beginning for my song,
As good as Beppo or as Whistcraft;
I trust that I have taken quite as strong
And deep potations—quite as full a draught
Of Hippocrate's waters, where so long
Poets and bards of every clime have quaffed;
Where still in crowds the tribes Parnassian jostle,
As Frere or Byron, Cornwall or Will. Wastle.

3.

The four great masters of the rima's ottava,
Whom I regard with very great respect;
I hope you'll not imagine that I have a
Contempt, an undervaluing, a neglect
Of their superior names, if I should crave a
Like share of rhyming tact with those select
Princes of this Italian kind of strain—
But bards, and even rhymeasters, will be vain.

4.

I wrote the first verse on this fine calm day,
Standing and musing on this lovely shore,
Where, 'gainst the coast of a romantic bay,
The Atlantic waves dash in perpetual roar;
Close by my side the little village lay,
Nestling near rocks whence eagles love to soar;
To give its name in verse will be a job—
(But here I go to try)—Ballidehob.

5.

I to this place some days ago came down,
Partly to lounge, partly to 'scape a duel,
A practice which I don't admire, I own,
As being somewhat dangerous and cruel;
What though the swaggers I have left in tow?
May hint I have not in my heart the fuel
Which Valour kindles;—they may say their
best—

'Tis better than a ball thro' back or breast.

6.

Here I am wandering by the sweet sea-side,
Looking upon old Ocean's varying face;
Or cleaving with stout arm the glassy tide;
Or o'er the mountains joining in the chace;
Or lolling, wearied with the lengthened ride.
Plunged in some lounger's easy soft embrac,
At six I rise, at ten I go to bed,
Having first penned some verses to friend Ned.

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7.

And now, as on the freshening grass I lay,
Just as oblivious as a dandy lord,
Forgetful of the duel, or the fray,
The opprobrious name, the pistol, or the sword,

Finding that I had versified away,

Not thinking I composed a single word,
Says I, I'll send my verses light and airy,
To the *Gazette* surnamed the *Literary*.

8.

I like that journal well. But then perchance,
Lines without title, meaning, or connection,
May not delight the editorial glance
Of him, whose name there is no need to mention;

True: but they can as high a claim advance
On meaning's score, as some of more pretension.

Then for a name—Pshaw! give it for a name,
Ballidehob*—the place from whence it came.

PARODY.

'Tis the last glass of Claret,
Left sparkling alone,
All its rosy companions
Are clean'd out and gone.
No wine of her kindred,
No Red Port is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
And gladden my eye.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
This desert to crown:
As the bowls are all empty,
Thou too shalt float down.
Thus kindly I drink up
Each drop of pure red,
And fling the bright goblet
Clean over my head.

So soon may dame Fortune
Fling me o'er her head,
When I quit brimming glasses,
And bundle to bed.
When Champigne is exhausted,
And Burgundy's gone,
Who would leave even Claret,
To perish alone.

Concluding lines of "Waterloo"—the poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement 1820. By George Ewing Scott, Trin. Hall.

To distant skies that hurricane has rolled.
But oh! the wreck it left! Could tongue unfold
The matchless horrors of those cumbered plains,
Twould chill the current in a warrior's veins.
And yet, that field of anguish, brief as keen,
Was but the centre of the one wide scene
Of human misery. Oh! who shall say
How many wounded spirits, far away,
Are left to groan thro' long, chill bitter years,
Beneath the woe that nothing earthly cheers?
Shall Glory be the widowed bride's relief?
She feels it but a mockery of grief.
Shall Glory dry the childless mother's tears?
Harsh grates the notes of Fame upon her ears!
Thine are no Spartan matrons, favoured isle!
Gentle as fair! The sunshine of their smile,
Where the proud victor loves to bask, is set.
With sorrow's dew the loveliest cheeks are wet.
Throughout the land is gone a mourning voice;

* A village on the southern coast of the county of Cork, most romantically situated. The surrounding country is very beautiful, and abounding in mineral productions. Several mines are worked there by Colonel Hall.

And broken are the hearts that should rejoice.
Dimly as yet the Crown of Victory shines;
Where cypress with the blood-stained laurel twines.

But there shall Time the brightest verdure breathe,

And pluck the gloomy foliage from her wreath.
Then proudly shall Posterity retrace,
First in the deathless honors of their race,
That giant fight: which crushed Napoleon's power,

And saved the world. Far distant is the hour,
Unheard of, yet, the deed our sons must do,
That shall eclipse thy glory, Waterloo!

Cambridge Chron.

Verse from "Alis and Alexis."

En lui toute fleur de jeunesse
Apparoissoit;
Mais longue barbe, air de tristesse,
La ternissoit:
Si de jeunesse on doit attendre
Beau coloris,
Paleur, qui marque une ame tendre,
A bien son prix.

ATTEMPTED.

In him each flower of manly grace,
Each youthful charm appeared;
Though tarnished by a sorrowing face,
And by a length of beard.
If we expect that youth impart,
Colours of lovely hue,
Paleness, that marks the feeling heart,
Has its attractions too.

THE DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Woman's Will, a Riddle—A three-act opera, under this title, from the pen of Mr. E. T. Swift, was produced, on Thursday, at the ancient Lyceum. With the blemish of being a full hour too long, it is otherwise a pleasing and amusing drama. Not looking for perfect plot or nature in such pieces, we freely grant the author the liberty he has taken, of founding his play on an utter improbability, and carrying it on by means of circumstances, to find reasons for which would puzzle better guessers than his hero. A certain duchess of Mantua, or Mantua duchess, is at the head of this musical world; (nea Mantua Cremona fecit, quoth Mr. Davy, the composer) and she takes it into her head to order the head of one Cesario to be cut off, unless he solves the riddle of—what is a *Woman's Will*? He dislikes this proposed Cesarean operation, runs away, and the princess, old Mantua's daughter, being in love with him, runs after him. Withheld for some cause or other, from telling him the solution of the question, she assumes various disguises, and tries to hint him up to it. She tells him that idleness, money, &c. are the responses; but he declines risking his caput on these answers. At length she assumes the aspect of an ugly old woman; and discloses the real secret, on condition that Cesario will do whatever she asks. He of course beats the sphinx mother, and is about to marry his dear princess, when the ugly old lady claims his hand in wedlock. Honour rules him, and after some

theatrical distress, she drops her mask, and their union crowns the whole.

Harley has a very whimsical character of gastronomical humour; a number of the jests and allusions in which to the noble science of eating, produce much laughter. There is also a very fair Polonus, of a minor court, a tolerable politician. These, with Miss Kelly (the Princess), conspire sufficiently against the mind of the audience, to ensure a favourable reception for the opera; which, being shortened, will, we think, be long relished. The comic songs are very far from being dull, as the generality of modern comic songs are; and the music is pretty, and the acting good.

Miss Macaulay's Entertainments. This lady closed the series of entertainments which she has been giving at the Argyle Rooms, on Wednesday, and seemed to have acquired strength from success, as she certainly evinced greater powers than even her friends gave her credit for. Some of her recitations were powerfully affecting; and in a few instances she gave startling proofs of her skill to command the higher emotions. Unprepared for so vigorous an effect, the company were inclined to smile at the surprise which had overtaken them; but it must be confessed that such electrical strokes are evidence of a very singular combination of judgement and energy. Dress, action, and other concomitants, heightened this treat, for such it was; and we, so sceptical heretofore, are bound to say, that Miss M. displayed abilities of a very superior order.

VARIETIES.

Inside Observations.—An ancient philosopher wished for a window to the human breast: the following is the nearest approach to actual acquaintance with the inward structure that we know of.—Dr. Laennec, of Paris, has invented a machine for investigating diseases in the organs of the chest. It is a cylinder about a foot long, and 1½ inch in diameter, pierced lengthwise by a hole three-eights of an inch wide, and widened at one end in the form of a funnel the whole diameter of the cylinder. It acts partly as a prolongation of the external ear, partly by magnifying the sounds within the chest; and is well calculated to improve the knowledge of several important and obscure disorders.

Baron de Feltz died a few days ago at Brussels. He was a member of the States-General, and President of the Brussels Academy of Sciences and Belles-Lettres.

Double Musical Performance.—Mr. James Watson, a blind musician of Dundee, in Scotland, has contrived a method of playing upon the violin and violoncello at the same time. He plays on the former in the common way; and on the latter by means of his feet. His right foot goes into a sort of shoe at the end of the bow, and his right thigh being supported by a spring attached to his chair, the fatigue of his motion is not too great. The left foot acts upon a set of levers, by which he shortens the strings with

facility. He can play with ease many hours together.

Method of Preserving Vessels.—An American ship now at Cowes, built with spruce and white oak, sixteen years ago, has all her original timbers and planks in the most perfect state of preservation and soundness, owing to her having been, while on the stocks, filled up between the timbers with salt; and whenever she has been opened for examination filled up again. (*Daily Papers.*)

A whole length portrait of the Duke of Berri, by Girard, is the great object of attraction just now, at the Museum in the Tuilleries. It is reported to be a fine work and excellent likeness.

From a French Journal.—The works which were this year produced, to compete for the prizes of copper-plate engraving, were exhibited for some days, in one of the galleries of the Academy at the Institute.

The candidates were seven in number. Each drew a full length figure from nature, and afterwards engraved it on a smaller scale. With but one or two exceptions, the exhibition was very indifferent. The model, it is true, might have been more happily chosen; but perhaps the selection did not depend on the students. It must, however, be confessed, that they proved themselves, on the whole, but careless drawers and feeble engravers.

The Academy of the Fine Arts of the French Institute, has adjudged the grand prize for copper-plate engraving, to *M. Léonichon*, of Paris, a young man who has not yet attained his twentieth year.

The second grand prize has been granted to M. Gelée of Paris, aged twenty-four; and the inferior second grand prize to M. Delaistre, of Paris, aged twenty.

On the 12th of last May, the wife of François Dalle, a labourer residing at Chatillon-en-Vendelais, (Department of Ille et Vilaine), was delivered of a daughter without either arms or thighs. The child was living and in good health on the 28th of June. Its legs are only 3 inches long: its feet, which are very much deformed, have only three toes, the nails of which are sharply pointed. The child's body is naturally formed, and its countenance is agreeable.

M. Panekouke, a bookseller of Paris, is about to reprint, by subscription, and at a moderate price, that magnificent work, entitled the *Description of Egypt*, which, owing to the vast expence at which it was originally published, has hitherto been inaccessible to the generality of the amateurs of art.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The following is extracted from the Sixth Number of the *Spectator*.

“There is another near relation of the anagrams and the acrosticks which is commonly called a *chronogram*. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription, the year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus, the following words:—“CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVM-
PHVS.” If you take the pains to pick the

figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXXVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal was stamped; for, as some of the letters distinguished themselves from the rest and overtop their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as letters and figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they were searching after an apt classical term; but instead of that, they are looking for a word that has an L, an M, or a D, in it. When therefore we meet with any of these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of our Lord.”

Chronograms are, however, of an earlier date than Addison appears to imagine; some being found of the latter days of Greece, in the Greek language; the letters, according to their value in Grecian rotation, making up some required number. Nor are they confined to inscriptions: they often make their appearance in the shape of Latin verses. There is a remarkable adaptation of a line in Ovid, to the fate of Don Carlos, murdered, or put death, call it which you will, for an alleged conspiracy against his father Philip, but really for *heresy*. It was observed that the line—

“FILIUS ANTE DIEM PATRIOS INQVIRIT
IN ANNOS.”

in the first book of the *Metamorphoses*, contained the numerals of 1568, the year in which he died, and the crime for which he was punished. I believe these “difficiles nugas” are now given up. I however send you four, on the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Thoulouse, and Waterloo.

1812.—DEPVLSI SPARSA EST HOSTIS *SA-
LA MANCA CRVORE.

1813.—DVCTORES GALLOS CERNIT VIT-
TORIA MERSOS.

1814.—MOX ANGLIS CESSIT PERTRISTI
CÆDE TOLOSA.

1815.—DISSIPAT AC GALLI CAPIAS EN !
MAGNVS HIBERNVS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Contents of the Journal des Savans for June 1820.

Art. I. Choiseul Gouffier, *Voyage Pittoresc de la Grèce*, Vol. ii, No. 2.—Reviewed by M. Letronne.

II. Jourdain, *Recherches critiques sur l'Age et l'Origine des Traductions Latinas d'Aristote*.—M. A. Remusat.

III. Biot, *Considérations sur la Nature et les Causes de l'Aurore Boreale*.—Original.

IV. Remusat, *Recherches sur les Langues Tartares*.—M. Silvestre de Sacy.

V. Dralet, *Traité sur les Forêts d'Arbres résineux, &c. de la France*.—M. Tessier.

VI. Essai d'un Glossaire Occitanien.—M. Raynouard.

VII. Labus, *Autel Antique découvert à Haimbourg*.—M. Quatremere de Quincy.

* More strictly I believe Salmantica: but some licence must be given to a chronogrammatist.

Mr. Belzoni, feeling it his duty to place before the public of England an account of his late discoveries in Egypt, Nubia, &c. has the pleasure to announce, that his *Narrative of the various operations in these Countries*, is now publishing at Mr. Murray's, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, in one volume, 4to. It contains Three Journeys in Upper Egypt and Nubia, one on the coast of the Red Sea, and one to the Oasis of Ammon. The work is accompanied by a volume of 34 plates in folio, containing drawings of the various newly discovered Places, Figures, and Hieroglyphics, taken from the originals found in the Tombs of the Kings, lately discovered in Thebes, with an exact imitation of Egyptian Costume, colours, &c. with other views in Nubia: the interior and exterior of the grand Temple of Ibsambul, near the second cataract of the Nile, and other views of that country, and in Upper and Lower Egypt: the interior and exterior of the newly opened Pyramid: plans and topographic maps, &c.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JULY, 1820.

Thursday, 13.—Thermometer from 51 to 66. Barometer from 30, 00 to 30, 02.

Wind N. E. and E. B. N. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy. Friday, 14.—Thermometer from 49 to 69. Barometer, from 30, 03 to 30, 06.

Wind N. E. 0.—Generally cloudy, and close. Saturday, 15.—Thermometer from 55 to 69. Barometer from 30, 11 to 30, 14.

Wind N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ and S. W. 0.—A thick haze spread over all the morning, and generally cloudy till the evening, when it became clear. A few drops of rain about noon.

Sunday, 16.—Thermometer from 46 to 73. Barometer from 30, 13 to 30, 06.

Wind E. B. S. 1.—Morning clear; heavy thunder and rain between 10 and 11, with strong flashes of lightning, and heavy rain again about 1 P. M.

Rain fallen .05 of an inch. Monday, 17.—Thermometer from 55 to 72. Barometer from 29, 85 to 29, 67.

Wind S. B. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ and S. W. 1.—Generally cloudy, with frequent rain, and claps of thunder in the forenoon; afternoon and evening generally clear.

Rain fallen .45 of an inch. Tuesday, 18.—Thermometer from 47 to 68. Barometer from 29, 61 to 29, 52.

Wind S. B. E. and S. B. W. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally raining. A little sunshine at times; distant thunder in the morning. In the evening it became clear.

Rain fallen .625 of an inch. Wednesday, 19.—Thermometer from 46 to 69. Barometer from 29, 62 to 29, 59.

Wind S. W. $\frac{1}{2}$, N. E. and E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Clouds generally passing, with showers of rain. A little thunder at times in the afternoon.

Rain fallen .525 of an inch. Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Ode “To Liberty” makes too free with both rhyme and grammar for the Literary Gazette.

A pressure of matter obliges us to postpone the answer to Ph. Barberi, Mr. Crady's new Poem, Dabrett's defence of the Peerage, &c. &c.

Having Mr. Crady's Sketch of Society, we omit our own Hermit in the Country, Number VI. till next week.

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Miscellaneous Advertisements,
(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

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Foreign Engravings, &c.

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